

## **Whatever, Shitbird by HoshisamaValmor**

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**Summary:** Billy and Max shared a bedroom for some weeks when their parents married. -Billy's- bedroom. (Quick fic solely inspired by kakademona post on tumblr)

## Whatever, Shitbird

Author's Note: Fully and solely inspired by kakademona 's post on tumblr mentioning how Billy and Max might've had bunk beds. They're 11 and 7 here.

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"Of course you'll have a room of your own. It's just for a short while, couple of weeks at most. Me and your mother just need to handle a few things and we'll be set."

"Sure, it's alright," she replies, a soft shrug making the cloud of orange curls even puffier and messier as they bundled over her shoulder.

"Yes, sweetie, you'll have your space in no time. You'll love your new bedroom, you'll see."

"Yeah, I can't wait."

"Okay, then go settle in, Max."

Of course she'll have a new bedroom. Of course they tell her that. No one tells him. It's *his* room he's giving up. But of course no one tells him anything. It's just *his* bedroom and his own space and his own bed that got rearranged and replaced so *she* can be comfortable. No one tells him he'll enjoy having a room for himself again soon.

Billy is standing by the corridor with his arms crossed in front of his chest, a borderline pout on his face that he'd never admit to actually be showing. He glares at the tiny orange ball of a girl as she looks at him and passes by his side to the corridor, heading towards the bedroom. Billy has to physically fight the urge to not make her trip and sprawl herself on the floor.

"Billy, sorry for burging in and messing your room," Susan looks at him then, making him turn to her. He immediately frowns to hide the sting of fear he feels imagining she might've read the intention he had to push Max. He sees the woman smile softly and it makes him frown harder, but she's soon kept from adding anything else.

"Don't worry about it, Susan, you're not burging in," his Dad says matter-of-factly. "A bunk bed saves up space anyway, and it's a nice way for the kids to bond."

"Of course, but still..." she doesn't continue, only flashing another soft smile at him before Billy turns his back on them.

"Billy, leave your sister to settle in first," his Dad commands him, and Billy clenches his teeth so hard it hurts.

"What's there to settle? Won't it just be for a short while anyway?"

"Watch your language."

"I'm just gonna lie down, I won't get in her way," he manages to say, stepping to and quickly crossing the corridor before Dad can turn that command into something else, turning to his room where now he's not even supposed to be in without permission of some sort.

Max turns her head to the door the moment he opens it, stopping to stare back at him. There's an unsure look on her face, like maybe she's wondering what he's doing there. Billy looks at the monster in his room (no, not the stupid tiny girl, but that'd not really be that bad of a word either) and gets angry at it. Why did they bother to buy a bunk bed if it's only going to be a couple of weeks? Why not two separate beds? Why not simply *not* being there?

She kinda has already started to settle on the bottom bunk (the amount of 'settling' was placing a couple of books and a teddy bear on the bed), but Billy resolutely walks to the stairs and climbs them up as if to make a point, sitting on the harsh mattress and scowling at how close to the ceiling he was. It feels trapping, not as nice as he'd use to think bunk beds must be like, but it's the bed's fault, the girl's fault, the woman's fault, Dad's fault. The only thing special in a bunk bed is to have a high mattress though, so of course he's gonna have

the top one, and he *dared* anyone trying to get him out of there now. Of course, he knows if Dad finds it'd somehow be better for Max, he'll give it to her and drag Billy down.

"I hope you don't mind I took the bottom one," Max says from under there.

"I'm older, so I'd get the top bunk anyway," he throws back at her. His reasoning was pretty crystal clear in his mind and his voice left no room for discussion.

"Uh, yeah. You're right."

"It's not gonna be for long anyway. Didn't you hear them? You'll have a fancy neat room all for yourself."

"So will you, right?"

Billy scoffs, wanting say some snarky reply but not really deciding on which he liked best, and by the time he does, it just feels awkward to say it.

He hears her move on the bed beneath his and Billy frowns and reaches the edge of the bed, bending over the low railing and sticking his head upside down to see her sitting down, looking at her backpack before turning her eyes up at him.

"What?" she asks, shrugging, but Billy can see her cowering slightly.

"Do you want the top bunk?"

"You're alright sitting there, aren't you?"

"Do you want it?"

"No," she waves her head. "I'm actually a bit scared of heights."

Billy scowls and clenches his teeth. Now he really wants to jump down, shove her up and pull off the stairs. He angrily straightens back up and throws himself on his back against the mattress instead. The whole bunk screeches slightly.

There's a pause of silence before Max speaks.

"Sorry I'm crushing into your room." Like her mother, Max says it and Billy gets angry even though he shouldn't, they're agreeing with the unfairness after all and he should be glad, but he's not used to that and so it just makes him mad. "I mean, I probably wouldn't like it much if I had to suddenly share my room with someone else. Specially if I was a boy... so... yeah."

"Yeah, it sucks," Billy tells her. He roughly tries to find a more comfortable position on the foreign mattress and makes the bunk bed squeak again, then does it again because the sound is extremely annoying. "But there's nothing to do to change that, is there?"

The metallic squealing structure finally goes silent when Billy has thrown both arms behind his head and stares at the ceiling so he won't have to stare anywhere else, to the cardboxes Dad has already set up on a corner by his surf board so he'll start packing. He doesn't want to. He doesn't want to pack and leave his bedroom and his house and just move to another one he doesn't know, to a different neighbourhood he doesn't know, that'll possibly be farther from the beach.

"Billy," Max calls him.

"What do you want?"

"I don't really like it either, okay? I was kinda doing great without a brother, you know?"

"Are you kidding me? You're not my sister," Billy throws at her, and he wants to be bad, wants to make her mad and sad, wants to see if he hits a nerve. "When we move and you get your fancy pink bedroom and hang your Barbie posters, I don't want you near my bedroom ever again. Get it?"

They hadn't known each other for long yet, but for some reason he imagines the look on her face with perfect clarity, her orange eyebrows frowning in a little expression of hurt and confusion, like she's supposed to be a cute little carrot with dots on her face. He's almost tempted to peek again, but if he did, he probably would see

defiance there as well, and he'd want to fight off that defiance.

"I don't like pink," he hears her say. There it is; defiance. He rolls on the mattress quickly and sticks his head over the railing again.

"Whatever, shitbird."

"I don't like Barbie's either."

"I said, whatever!"

"I don't want to be in your stupid room anyway."

"I won't have to put up with you for long anyway."

They glare at each other, the next accusation hanging by a thread but none of them really says it. Billy crawls on the bed and starts to climb down the steps, jumping the final two ones and quickly walking to the cardboxes, opening them and starting to throw clothes and the very few remaining toys he'd allow himself to keep now that he wasn't *a little kid* anymore, Max staring wordlessly at his back.

The sooner they moved and he at least got his bedroom back, the better.

the end

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Author's Note: I considered writing an extra scene for the ending, but it was going to go towards children being mean and it'd inevitably get Neil involved, so I decided to leave it as children being mean and just being dumb kids.

I don't think I explored the mindset of Billy at this young age as well as I could've had, but some kids are envious and angry, specially when you start messing with their core structure/home, as damaged as it might be to being with. Simple acts of kindness may gloss a bit over their heads, specially if the kid has a more antagonist approach

to them, and that's how I imagine Billy. Attention and affection-craved, but severely shelled against it.

Thank you for reading, feedback is appreciated.